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good-humor and a really deep, well-reasoned, and beautiful attitude toward life. Most of the poems contained in this collected volume have appeared from time to time in *The Conservator*.

Mr. Traubell says that he doesn't like "full-dress writing," but there is a large class of readers who do not like "undressed writing," and Mr. Traubell's work is utterly undressed. He has not the poet's instinct which makes even the roughest of Whitman's work beautiful, and a good deal of his work is nothing but prose cut up into lines, often lines of exceedingly ungrammatical and slangy prose at that. But what he has to say is right and true and penetrating and sometimes beautiful.

We are told that Germany has several Traubell societies, and we have ourselves read many of his poems that have appeared in German translations. They are improved by translation. When another language puts clothes on Mr. Traubell's thought it is quite amazing how noble it appears. It is too late for Mr. Traubell to learn to write poetry in any other way than his own, and doubtless the matter of his work will keep it in circulation for some long time; and, indeed, it may come to be a curious historic relic of the first riotous era of the democratization of letters and art.

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MY THREE LOVES. By BEVERLEY DANDRIDGE TUCKER, Bishop Coadjutor of Southern Virginia. New York: The Neale Publishing Company, 1910.

Beverley Dandridge Tucker is a Virginian, a grandson of Judge Henry St. George Tucker and a grandnephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He served through the Civil War in the army of northern Virginia, and the poems here collected belong, in large part, to Virginians, to their sentiment of State loyalty and pride. The *Three Loves* are literally the cause of the South, Eros, and the Sanctuary. In the first division the ablest poem is the "Salutation to Robert E. Lee," stirring and touching at once. Several of these poems commemorate battles such as Gettysburg, Hampton Roads, Appomattox, etc. Several more are Confederate memorial verses read on special occasions. Of these again the same inspiration brings the sweetest singing, and there is something very sincere and touching in the song "The Days When We Followed Robert Lee." There are also poems in memory of the two Southern singers, Father Ryan and James Barron Hope; and the poem to John R. Thompson gives, apart from melody and feeling, a very valuable picture of the culture of the South.

The second division of the poems evidently belongs to an early period of Bishop Tucker's life, and, though there is melody in "The Rhone and the Arve," we find more to praise in the last third of the book which holds the religious poems. "Consecration," "Increase Our Faith," and "Love Divine" are beautiful poems, and we feel sure that some of them will ultimately find their way into the hymnal and be a consolation and strength to many souls.

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ÆNEAS and OTHER VERSES AND VERSIONS. By D. A. SLATER. London: Oxford University Press, 1910.

This is a little book for the few. It is the work of a scholar and its appeal is to poets and other scholars. Three of the poems are Latin renderings of English poems. The "Non Omnis Moriar" is a spirited and

fine transcription of Browning's "Epilogue to Asolando." The single flaw in the volume is the rather piteous "Perdrix, Toujours Perdrix," amusing enough for a moment's play, but hardly worth print and binding. In so light a poem as the invitation to the "Clerk of Oxenforde" the poet has such magic lines as these:

" Still the moor her gold is minting, wilding heather, lusty ling,  
Bracken-spear and beech-leaf tinting with the magic hues of Spring;  
" On her rivers 'Lydian laughter,' in her woods a whispering breeze,  
Swallows flash by roof and rafter.—Quick, my friend, the moment seize;  
" Quick and come to royal Devon, to the combes of Bearle and Exe,  
Where Earth rivals highest Heaven, Hell has lost her power to vex."

The opening poem, "Æneas," although the longest and most sustained and full of wonderful and haunting lines, is no more exquisite than the short songs, the "Laus Philosophiae," "Epicurus," "Ariadne's Lament," "Still Night," and "There's a Place upon the Mountain." "To Sleep" chiefly suggests the writer's debt to Swinburne. The three sonnets, "Dann Kommt der Schluss," "Ovid," "In Memoriam Amici, J. W." are eloquent and noble.

This little volume, slight as it is, is real poetry; such poetry as could only be written by a poet and a classical scholar.

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THE COLLECTED POEMS OF MAURICE BARING. New York: John Lane Company, 1911.

When the great question of the value of the classics is mooted, might not one plea in favor of them be that without them the world's poetry must die? In these "Poems" of the Hon. Maurice Baring we have again the work of a classical scholar; the feeling for diction, the restraint and nobility of the poems bespeak an arduous youth spent beneath the sponsorship of Greek and Latin writers.

If, as Pater says, "love and all joyful states of mind are self-expressive" so also are wistfulness and noble sorrow. And it is such notes that are oftenest sounded in this all too slight volume of exquisite verse. The word "collected" in the title would seem to imply that the poet had finished his work; but Maurice Baring is, if we mistake not, still short of the forty-year turn, and why should such noble scenes as the fragments of the "Black Prince" not be built up into a great drama? We have a right to demand more of such a poet, for it is the quality as he gives us here that the world needs.